THE

WIFE OF BEITH

Reformed and Corrected.

Giving an account of her death, of her journey to heaven; how, on the Road, she fell in with Judas, who led her to the Gate of Hell, and what converſation ſhe had with the Devil, who would not let her in: alſo how at laſt ſhe went to Heaven, and the Difficulties ſhe encountered before ſhe got admittance there.

The Whole being an alegorical DIALOGUE containing nothing but that which is recorded in Scripture for our example.

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READER.

COURTEOUS Reader, what was Papal or heretical in the former Copy, is left out in this Edition: for there is nothing that can offend the wise and judicious, not being taken up in a literal sense but by way of allegory and mystical, which thus may edify.

The whole Dialogue is nothing but that which is recorded in scripture for our example, wherefore I appeal from the censorious and capricious critices, who start at straws and leap over blocks, and whose nature is, with the Wasp, to suck nothing but venom out of the sweetest flowers, unto the judicious and wise, who can registrate virtue with the point of a diamond into the rock of eternal memory, and vice into oblivion sand and whose genius is with the Bee, to extract honey out of the bittereſt flower.

Therefore, the one may be read and be edified, the other read and be offended let dogs bark what they will, the morn is still the same well

THE WIFF OF BEITH.

IN Beith once dwelt a worthy wife,
Of whom brave Chaucer mention makes,
She lived a licentenious life,
And namely in venereal acts,
But death did come for all her cracks.
When years were spent and days out driven,
Then suddenly she sickness takes,
Deceast forthwith and went to heaven,
But as she went upon the way,
There follow'd her a certain guide.
And kindly to her he did say,
Where mean you dame for to abide,
I know you are the Wife of Beith,
And would not then that you go wrong,
For I'm your friend and will be leath;
That you go through this narrow throng,
This road is broader go with me,
And very pleasant is the way;
I'll bring you there, where you would be,
Go with me friend say me not nay.
She looked on him and did him speer,
I pray you Sir what is your name?
Show me the way how came you here,
To tell to me it is no shame.
Is that a favour about your neck,
And what is that upon your side;
Is it a brg or silver sack,
What are you then? Where do you bide.

I was a ſervant unto Chriſt,
And Judas likewiſe is my name.
I knew you by your colours firſt,
Forſooth indeed you are to blame,
Your maſter did you not betray;
And hang yourſelf when you had done,
Where'er you bid I will not ſtay,
Go then you knave let me alone.
Whate'er I be I'll be your guide,
Becauſe you know not well the way,
Will ye but once in me confide,
I'll do all friendſhip that I may,
What would you me? where do you dwell
I have no will to go with the,
I fear it is ſome lower cell,
I pray the therefore let me be.
This is a ſtormy night and cold,
I'll bring you to a warm inn,
Will ye go forward and behold,
And mend our pace till we win in.
I fear your inn will be two warm,
For two much hotneſs is not beſt,
Such hotneſs there may do me harm,
And keep me that I do not reſt,
I know your way it is to hell,
For you are none of the eleven.
Go haſte you then into your cell,
My way is only unto heaven.
That way is by the gates of hell,
If you intend there for to go,
Go dame, I will not you compell,
But I with you will go alſo.

Then down they went a right ſteep hill,
Where ſmoke and darkneſs did abound,
And pitch and ſulphur burned ſtill,
With yells and cries hills did rebound.
The fiend himſelf came to the gate,
And aſked him where he had been,
Do ye not know and have forgot,
Seeking this wife could not be ſeen.
Good dame he ſaid Would you be here,
I pray you then tell me your name,
The Wife of Beith ſince that you ſpeer,
But to come in I were to blame.
I would not have you here good dame,
For ye are miſtreſs of the flyting,
If once within this gate you come,
I would be troubled with your bitting,
Cummer go back and let me be,
Here are too many of your rout,
For woman lewd like unto thee,
I cannot turn my foot about.
Sir Thief, I ſay, I ſhall bide out.
But goſſip thou waſt ne'er to me,
For to come in, I am not ſo ſtout,
And of my bitting thou'ſt be free,
But Lucifer what's that to thee,
Haſt thou no water in this place,
Thou look'ſt ſo black it ſeems to me,
Thou ne'er doſt waſh thy ugly face.
If we had water here to drink,
We wou'd not care for waſhing then,
Into theſe flames and filthy ſtink
We burn with fire unto the doom.

Upbraid me then, goodwife no more,
For, firſt when I heard of thy name
I knew thou hadſt ſuch words in ſtore,
Would make the devil to think ſhame.
Forſooth Sir Thief, you are to blame,
If I had time now to abide,
Once you were well but may think ſhame,
That loſt heaven for rebellious pride,
Who traitor like fell with the reſt,
Becauſe you would not be content,
And now of bleſs are diſpoſſeſt.
Without all grace for to repent,
Thou mad'ſt poor Eve long ſince conſent,
To eat of the forbidden tree,
(Which we her daughters may repent,)
And made us almoſt like to thee:
But God be bleſt who paſs'd the by,
And did a Saviour provide;
For Adam's whole poſterity.
All thoſe who do in him confide,
Adieu, falſe fiend, I may not bide,
With thee I may no longer ſtay,
My God in death he was my guide,
O'er hell I'll get the victory.
Then up the hill the poor wife went,
Oppreſt with ſtinking flames and fear,
Weeping right ſore, with great relent,
For to go elſe ſhe wiſt not where.
A narrow way with thorns and briars,
And full of mires was her before;
She ſighed oft with ſobs and tears
The poor wife's heart was wondrous ſore.

Tir'd and torn she went on still,
Sometimes she sat and sometimes she fell.
Ay till she came to a high hill,
And then she looked back to hell.
When she had climbed up the hill,
Before her was a goodly plain,
Where she did rest and weep her fill,
Then rose and to her feet again,
Her heart was glad, the way was good,
Up to the hill she hy'd with haste,
The flowers were fair whereon she stood,
The fields were pleasent to her taste.
Then she beheld Jerusalem,
On Sion's mount where that it stood,
Shining with gold, bright as the sun,
Here silly soul was very glad,
The ports, of orient pearls bright,
Were very glorious to behold,
The precious stones gave a clear light,
The walls were of transparent gold.
High were the walls the gates were shut,
And long she sought for to be in,
But then for fear of bidding out,
She knocked hard and made some din,
To knock and cry she did not spare,
Till father Adam did her hear,
Who is't that raps so loudly there,
Heaven cannot well be won by weir,
The wife of Beith since that you speer,
Hath stood these two hours at the gate
Go back said he, thou must forbear,
Here may no sinners entrance get.

Adam, quoth she, I shall be in,
In spite of all such churls as the,
Thou'rt the original of all sin,
For eating of the forbidden tree.
For which thou art not flyting free,
But for thy foul offences fled.
Adam, went back and let her be,
Looking as if his nose had bled.

Then mother Eve, did at him speer,
Who was it there that made such din.
He said a woman would be here,
For me I durst not let her in.
I'll go said she and ask her will,
Her company I would have fain.
But ay she cry'd and knocked still,
And in no ways she would refrain,
Daughter said Eve you will do well,
To come again another time?
Heaven is not won by sword nor steel,
Nor one that's guilty of a crime.
Mother said she the fault is thine,
That knocking here so long I stand,
Thy guilt is more than that of mine,
If thou wilt rightly understand.
Thou wast the cause of all our sin,
Wherein we were born and conceiv'd.
Our misery thou didst begin,
By thee thy husband was deceiv'd.
Eve went back where Noah was,
And told him all how she was blam'd,
Of her great sin and first trespass,
Wherof she was so much asham'd.

Then Noah ſaid I will go down,
And will forbid her that ſhe knock,
Go back he ſaid you drunken lown
Your'e none of the celeſtial flock.
Noah ſhe ſaid hold thou thy peace,
Where I drank ale thou didſt drink wine,
Diſcover'd was to thy diſgrace,
When thou waſt drunken like a ſwine,
If I did drink, I learn'd at thee,
For thou't the Father and the firſt,
That others taught and likewiſe me,
To drink altho' we had no thirſt,
Then Noah turned back with ſpeed,
And told the Patriarch Abra'am then,
How that the old carling made him dreed
And how ſhe all his deeds did ken.
Abra'am then ſaid now get you gane,
Let us no more hear of your din,
No lying wife as I ſuppoſe,
May enter here theſe gates within.
Abra'am ſhe ſaid will ye but ſpare,
I hope you are not flyting free;
You of yourſelf had ſuch a care,
Deny'd you wife and made a lie.
O then I pray you let me be,
For I repent of all my ſin,
Do tho but open the gates to me,
And let me quickly but come in.
Abra'am went back to Jacob then,
And told his nephew how he ſped,
How that of her nothing he wan,
And that he thought the carling mad.

Then down came Jacob thro' the clofe,
And faid go backward down to hell,
Jacob, quoth fhe I know thy voice,
That gate pertaineth to thy fell,
Of thy old trumpries I can tell,
Thou with two fifters ledd'ſt thy life,
And the third part of theſe tribes twelve,
Thou got with maids befides thy wife,
And ſtole thy father's benniſon,
Only by fraud thy father frae,
Gave thou not him for veniſon,
A kid, inſtead of baken rae.
Jacob himſelf was tickled ſo
He went to Lot where he was lying,
And to the gate pray'd him to go.
To ſtaunch the carling of her crying,
Lot fays, Fair maid make leſs ado,
And come again another time.
Old harlot carle and drunkard too,
Thou with thine own daughters lay,
Of thine untimely ſeed I ſay,
Proceeded never good but ill.
Poor Lot for ſhame then ſtole away,
And left the wife to knock her fill.
Meek Moſes then went down at laſt,
To pacify the carling then:
Now dame ſaid he, knock not ſo faſt,
Your knocking will not let you ben,
Good ſir, ſhe ſaid, I am aghaſt,
When e'er I look you in the face,
If your law until now had laſt,
Then ſurly I had ne'er got grace,

But Moſes Sir, now by ypoſſeſt,
Although in heaven your're our leave,
For all you ſaw did not believe,
But you in Horeb once tranſgreſt,
Wherefore by all it is confeſt,
You but got the land to ſee.
And in the mount wereput to reſt,
Yea buried there, where you did die.

Moſes meekly turned back,
And told his brother Aaron there,
How the old carling did ſo crack,
And in no ways did him forbear,
Then Aaron ſaid, I will not ſwear,
But I'll conjure her if I can.
And I will make her to forbear,
So that ſhe will not rap again.

Then Aaron ſaid, you whoriſh wife,
Go get you gone and rap no more,
(With idols thou have led your life)
Or then you ſhall repent it ſore.

Good Aaron prieſt, I know you well,
The golden calf you may remember,
Who made the people plagues to feel,
This is of you recorded ever,
Your prieſt-hood now is nothing worth,
Chriſt is my only Prieſt, and he,
My Lord that will not keep me forth,
So I'll get in in ſpite of thee.

Up ſtarted Samſon at the laſt,
Unto the gate apace came he,
To drive away the with ſtrength,
But all in vain, it would not be.

Samſon, quoth ſhe the world mav ſee,
Thou waſt a judge who prov'd unjuſt,
Theſe gracious gifts which God gave thee,
Thou loſt by thy licentious luſt,
From Delilah thy wicked wife,
Thy ſecrets chief could not refrain,
She daily ſought to take thy life,
Thou loſt thy locks and then was ſlain,
Tho' thou waſt ſtrong it was in vain.
Haunting with harlots here and there,
Then Samſon turned back again,
And with the wife would ſay nae mair,
Then ſaid king David knock nae mair,
We are all troubled with your cry.
David quoth ſhe how cam'ſt thou here,
Thou might'ſt bide out as well as I:
Thy deeds no ways thou can'ſt deny,
Is not thy ſin far worſe than mine?
Who with Uriah's wife did lv,
And caus'd him to be murder d ſyne.
Then Judith ſaid who's there that knocks
And to our neigbours gives theſe notes,
Madam, ſaid ſhe let be your mocks,
I came not here for cutting throats,
I am a ſinner full of blots.
Yet through Chriſt's blood I ſhall be clean,
If you and I be judg'd by votes,
The thing you did was worſe then mine.
Then ſaid the ſapient Solomon,
Thou art a ſinner all men ſay,
Therefore our Saviour I ſuppoſe,
Thee heavenly entrance will deny,

Mind quoth ſhe thy latter days,
What idol gods thou did'ſt upſet,
And waſt ſo lewd in Venus plays,
Thou did'ſt thy Maker quite forget.
Then Jonas ſaid fair maid content you.
If you intend to come to grace,
You muſt dree pennance and repent you,
E'er you can come unto this place.
Jonas quoth ſhe how ſtands the cauſe,
How came you here to be with Chriſt,
How dare you look him in the face,
Conſidering how you broke your tryſt,
To God's errand thou withſtood'ſt him.
And held'ſt his counſel in diſdain,
The corby meſſenger thou plaid'ſt him,
And broughtſt no meſſage back again,
With mercy thou waſt not content,
When God the Ninevites did ſpare,
Altho the city did repent,
It grieved thee thy heart was ſore,
Let me alone and ſpeak no more
Go back unto the Whale,
But now my heart is alſo ſore,
But yet I hope I ſhall prevail.
Good Jonas ſaid Crack on your fill,
For here I may no longer tarry,
Yet knock as as long as e'er you will,
And go into a firry farry.
Jonas ſhe ſays ye do miſcarry,
As I have done in former times,
Ye'er not ſaint Peter nor ſaint Mary,
Your blot's as black as ever mine.

So Jonas then he was aſham'd,
Becauſe he was not flyting free,
Of all the faults ſhe had him blam'd,
He left the wife and let her be.
Saint Thomas then I counſel thee,
Go ſpeak unto this wicked wife,
She ſhames us all and as for me,
Her like I never heard in life,
Thomas, then ſaid you make ſuch ſtrife,
When you are out and meikle din,
If ye were here I'll lay my life,
No peace the ſaints will get within,
It is your trade ſtill to be flyting,
As one who in a fever raves,
No marvel thouogh you wives be bitting,
Your tongues were made of Aſpen leaves.
Thomas quoth ſhe let be your taunts,
You play the pick-thank I perceive,
Tho' you are brother'd among the ſaints,
An unbelieving heart you have,
You brought the Lord unto the grave,
But would no more with him remain,
And were the laſt of all the lave,
That did believe he roſe again.
There might no doctrine do the good,
Nor miracles make thee confide,
Till thou beheld Chriſt's wounds and blood
And put thy hand into his ſide,
Didſt thou not daily with him bide,
And ſee the wonders which he wrought,
But bleſt are they who do confide,
And do believe yet ſaw him nought,

Thomas, ſhe ſays will ye but ſpeer,
If that my ſiſter Magdalen,
Will come to me if ſhe be here,
For comfort ſure ye give me nane.
He was ſo blyth he turned back,
And thanked God that he was gane,
He had no will to hear her crack,
But told it Mary Madgalen,
When that ſhe heard her ſiſter's kocks,
She went unto the gate with ſpeed,
And aſked her who's there that knocks,
'Tis I the Wife of Beith, indeed,
She ſaid, good miſtreſs you muſt ſtand,
Till you be try'd by tribulation,
Siſter quoth ſhe, give me your hand.
Are we not of one vocation,
It not is through your occupation,
That you are placed ſo divine,
My faith is fixed on Chriſt's paſſion,
My ſoul ſhall be as ſafe as thine,
Then Mary went away in haſte,
The carling made her ſo aſhamed,
She had no will of ſuch a gueſt,
To loſe her pans and ſo be blamed,
Now good ſaint Paul ſaid Magdalem,
Becauſe you are a learned man.
Go and convince this woman then,
For I have done all that I can,
Sure if ſhe were in hell I doubt,
They would not keep her longer there,
But to the gate would turn her out,
And ſend her back to be elſe where,

Then went the good apoſtle Paul,
To put the wife in better tune.
Waſh off that filth that fyles thy ſaul,
Then ſhall heavens gates be open'd ſoon.
Remember Paul what thou haſt done,
For all the epiſtles thou didſt compile,
Though now thou ſitteſt up aboon,
Thou perſecuted'ſt Chriſt a while.
Woman he ſaid thou art not right,
That which I did I did not know,
But thou didſt ſin with all thy might,
Although the preachers did the ſhow.
Saint Paul ſhe ſaid it is not ſo,
I did not know as well as ye;
But I will to my Saviour go,
Who will his favour ſhow to me.
You think you are of flyting free,
Becauſe you are wrapt up above,
But yet it was Chriſt's grace to thee,
And matcheleſsneſs of his dear love.
Then Paul ſays ſhe, let Peter come,
If he be lying let him riſe,
To him I will confeſs my ſin,
And let him quickly bring the keys,
Too long I ſtand, he'll ſet me in,
For why I can no longer tarry,
Then ſhall ye all be quit of din,
For I muſt ſpeak with good ſaint Mary.
The good apoſtle diſcontent,
Right ſuddenly he did turn back,
For he did very much repent,
To hear the carling proudly crack,

Paul says good brother now arise,
And make an end of all this din,
And if so be you have the keys,
Open an let the carling in.
Th' apostle Peter rose at last
And to the gate with speed he hies,
Carling quoth he knock not so fast.
You cumber Mary with your cries,
Peter she said let Christ arise,
And grant me mercy in my need,
For why I ne'er deny'd him thrice,
As thou thyself hast done indeed.
Thou carling bold, what's that to thee,
I got remission for my sins;
It cost many sad tears to me,
Before I entered here within.
It will not be thy meikle din,
Will cause heaven's gates opened be,
Thou must be purified from sin,
And of all trespasses made free.
Saint Peter then no thanks to thee,
That so you were rid of your fears
It was Christ's gracious look, I trow,
That made you weep those precious tears,
The door of mercy is not clos'd,
I may get grace as well as ye,
It is not so as ye suppos'd,
I will be in in spite of thee.
But wicked wife it is not so,
Thou should'st have mourned upon the earth
Repentance now is out of date
It should have been before thy death:

Thou mighteſt than have turned wrath,
To mercy then, and mercy got,
But now the Lord is very loath
And all thy cries not worth a jot.
Ah Peter then what ſhall I do,
He will not hear me as I fear,
Shall I deſpair of mercy too!
No, no, I'll truſt in mercy dear:
And if I periſh here I'll ſtay,
And never go from heaven bright,
I'll ever hope and always pray,
Until I get my Saviour's ſight.
I think indeed you are right,
If you had faith ye could win in,
Importune then with all your might,
Faith is the feet wherewith ye come,
It is the hand will hold him faſt,
But weak faith never may preſume,
'Twill let you ſink and be aghaſt,
Strongly believe or you're undone.
But good ſaint Peter, let me be,
Had you ſuch faith, did it abound,
When thou didſt walk upon the ſea,
Were you not likely to be drown'd,
Had not your Saviour helped thee,
Who came and took the by the hand,
So can my Lord do unto me,
And bring me to the promis'd land,
Is my faith weak? yet he is ſtill,
The ſame and ever ſhall remain,
His mercies laſt, and his good will,
To bring me to his flock again;

He will me help and me relieve,
And will encreaſe my faith alſo,
If weakly I can but believe,
From this place I'll never go.

But Peter ſaid how can that be,
How dar'ſt thou look him in the face,
Sure horrid ſinners like to the,
Can have no courage to get grace.
Here none comes in but they that's ſtout,
And ſuffer'd have for the good cauſe,
Like unto the are keeped out
For thou haſt broke all Moſes' laws.

Peter, ſhe ſaid, I do appeal,
From Moſes, and from thee alſo,
With him and you I'll not prevail,
But to my Saviour, I will go.
Indeed of old you were right ſtout,
When you did cut off Malchus, ear,
But after that you went about
And a poor maiden did you fear.
Wherefore faint Peter, do forbear,
A comforter indeed you're not,
Let me alone I do not fear,
Take home the wiſſel of your groat,
Was it your own or Paul's good ſword,
When that your courage was ſo keen,
You were right ſtout upon my word
When you would faiu at fiſhing been,
For ere the crowing of the cock,
You did deny your maſter thrice,
For your ſtoutneſs turn'd a block,
Now flyte no more, if you be wiſe.

Yet at the laſt the Lord aroſe,
Environed with angels bright,
And to the wife in haſte he goes,
Deſir'd her to paſs out of ſight.

O Lord quoth ſhe, cauſe do me right,
But not according to my ſin,
Have you not promis'd day and night,
When ſinnres knock to let them in.

He ſaid thou wreſts the ſcriptures wrong,
The night is come thou ſpend'ſt the day,
In whoredom thou haſt liv'd long,
And to repent thou didſt delay,
Still my comandments thou abus'd,
And vice committed'ſt buſily,
Since now my mercy thou refus'ſt,
Go down to hell eternally.

O Lord my ſoul doth teſtify,
That I have ſpent my life in vain,
Ah! make a wandering ſheep of me,
And bring me to thy flock again.

Think'ſt thou there is no count to crave,
Of all the gifts in the was planted,
I gave thee beauty above the lave,
A Pregnant wit thou never wanted.

Maſter quoth ſhe it muſt be granted,
My ſins are great give me contrition:
The forlorn ſon when he repented,
Obtain'd his father's full remiſſion.

I ſpar'd my judgments many times.
And ſpiritual paſtors did them ſend;
But thou renewed'ſt thy former crimes,
Ay more and more me to offend.

My Lord quoth ſhe I do intend,
Lamenting for my former vice;
The poor thief, at the latter end,
For one word went to Paradiſe.

The thief heard never of my teachings,
My heavenly precepts and my laws,
But thou waſt daily at my preachings,
Both heard and ſaw and yet miſknaws.

Maſter, quoth ſhe, the ſcriptures ſhows,
The Jewiſh woman who play'd the lown,
Conform unto the Hebrew law
Was brought to thee to be put down,
But nevertheleſs thou lett'ſt her go,
And mad'ſt the Phariſees afraid.

Indeed ſays Chriſt, it was right ſo,
And that my bidding was obey'd,
Woman he ſaid I may not caſt,
The children's bread to dogs like thee,
Although my mercies ſtill do laſt,
There's mercy here but not for thee.

But loving Lord, may I preſume,
Poor worm that I may ſpeak again,
The dogs for hunger were undone,
And of the crumbs they were right fain,
Grant me one crumb that then doth fall,
From thy bleſt children's table Lord,
That I may be refreſh'd withal,
It will me help enough afford.

The gates of mercy now are clos'd,
And thou can'ſt hardly enter in;
It is not ſo as thou ſuppos'd,
For thou art deadly ſick in ſin.

'Tis true indeed, my lord moſt meek,
My fore and ſickneſs I do feel,
Yet thou the lame didſt truly ſeek,
Who lay long at Bethſida's pool.
Of many that the never fought,
Like to the poor Samaritan
Whom thou unto thy fold haſt brought,
Ev'n as tho didſt the widow of Nain:
Moſt gracious God, didſt thou not bid,
All that are weary come to the,
Behold I come! even o'er load
With ſin have mercy upon me.

The iſſues of thy ſoul are great,
Thou art both leprous and unclean,
To be with me thou art not fit,
Go from me then let me alone.

Let me thy garments once but touch,
My bloody iſſues ſhall be whole,
It will not coſt the very much,
To ſave a poor diſtreſſed ſoul;
Speak thou the word, I ſhall be w hole,
One look of the ſhall do me good.
Save now, good Lord, my ſilly ſoul,
Bought with thine own moſt precious blood,

Let me alone none of my blood,
Was ever ſhed for ſuch as thee.

It was thy mercy patience good,
Which from damnation made me free,

It is confeſt thou hadſt been juſt,
Altho' thou hadſt condemned me,
But O! thy mercies ſtill do laſt,
To ſave the ſoul that truſts in thee.

Let me not then condemned be
Moſt humbly Lord I thee requeſt,
Of ſinners all none like to me,
So much the more thy praiſe ſhall laſt.
Thy praiſing me is not perfite,
My ſaints ſhall praiſe me evermore,
In ſinners I have no delight,
Such ſacrifice I do abhor.

Then ſhe unto the Lord did ſay,
At footſtool af thy grace I'll ly.
Sweet Lord my God ſay me not nay,
For if I periſh, here I die.

Poor ſilly woman ſpeak no more.
Thy faith poor ſoul has ſaved thee,
Enter thou into my glore,
And reſt thro' all eternity.

How ſoon our Saviour theſe words ſaid,
A long white robe to her was given,
And then the angels did her lead,
Forthwith into the gates of heaven.
A laurel crown ſet on her head,
Spangled with rubies and with gold,
A bright white palm ſhe alſo had,
Glorious it was for to behold;
Her face did ſhine like to the ſun
Like threads of gold her hair hang down,
Her eyes like lamps unto the moon,
Of precious ſtones rich was her crown,
Angels and Saints did welcome her,
The Heavenly choir did ſing. rejoice,
King David with his harp was there,
The ſilver bells made a great noiſe.

Such muſic and ſuch melody,
Was never heard or ſeen,
When this poor ſaint was plac'd on high.
And of all her ſins made freely clean,
But when ſhe was thus poſſeſt,
And looked back on all her fears,
And that ſhe was come to all her reſt,
Freed from her ſins, and all her tears.
She from her head did take the crown.
Giving all praiſe to Chriſt on high,
And at his feet ſhe laid it down,
Becauſe the Lamb had made her free,
Now ſhe did ſing triumphantly,
And ſhall rejoice for evermore,
O'er death and hell victoriouſly,
With laſting pleaſures laid in ſtore.

CONCLUSION.

OF Wife of Beith I make an end,
And do theſe lines with this conclude,
Let none their lives in ſin now ſpend,
But watch and pray be doing good,
Deſpondent ſouls do not deſpair,
Repent and ſtill believe in Chriſt,
His mercies which laſt evermore,
Will ſave the ſouls that in him truſt.

FINIS.